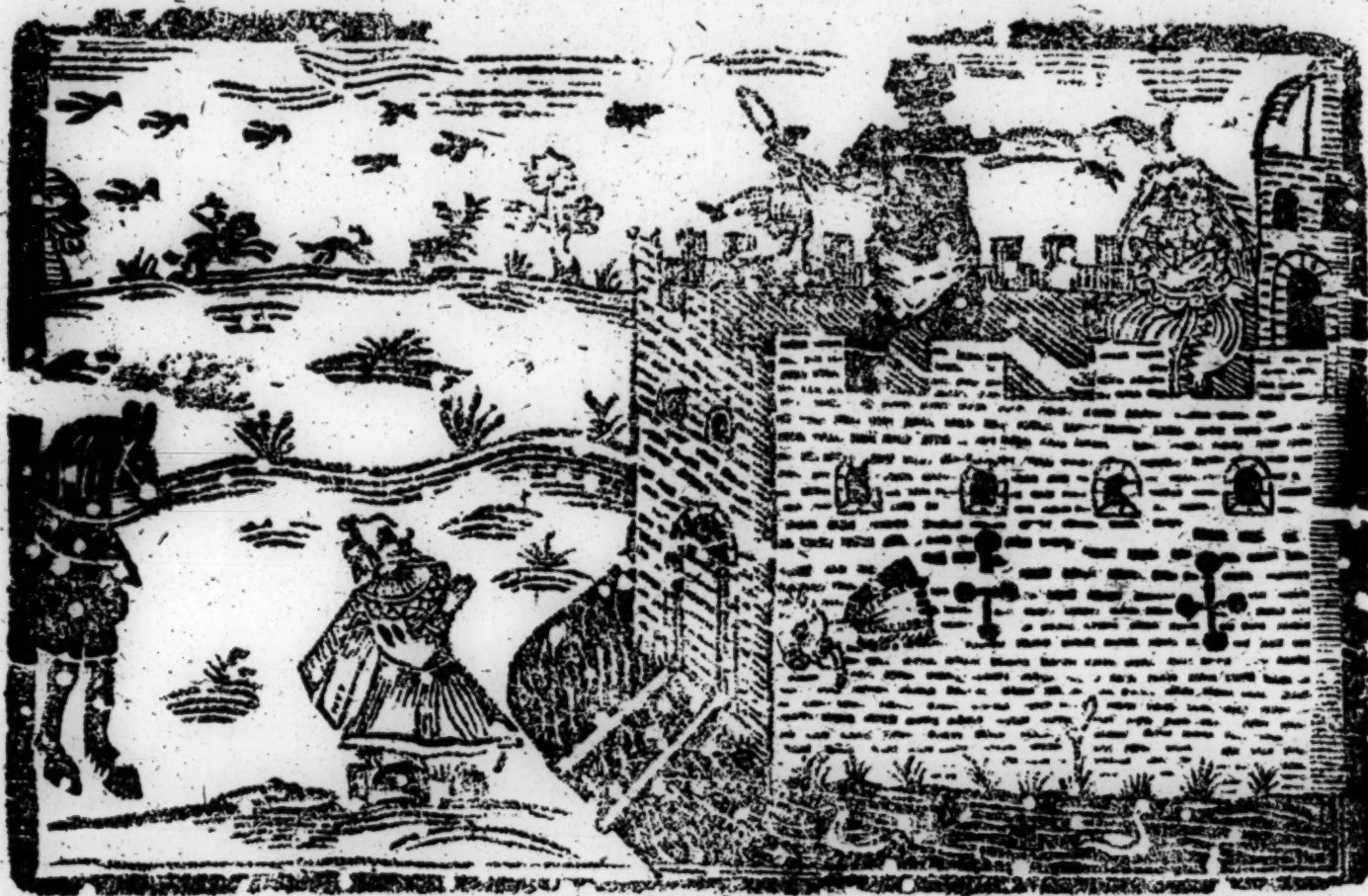


*A Lamentable Ballad of the Tragical end of a Gallant Lord and a Vertuous Lady, with the untimely End of their two Children, wickedly performed by a Heavensh Black-amore their Servant: the like never heard of. Tune is, The Lady's Fall.*



In Rome a Noble man did wed,  
A Virgin of great name.  
Fairer creature never did  
Same nature ever frame;  
By whom he had two Children fair,  
Whose beauty did excel:  
They were their parents only joy,  
They loved them both so well.  
The Lord he loved to hunt the Buck,  
The Wyger and the Boar:  
And still for swiftnesse always took,  
With him a Blackamoore:  
Which Blackamoore within the wood,  
His Lord he did offend:  
For which he did him then correct,  
In hope he would amend.  
The day it grew unto an end,  
Then homewards he did haste,  
Where with his Lady he did rest,  
Until the night was past:  
Then in the morning he did rise,  
And did his servants call:  
A hunting he provides to go,  
Fright they were ready all.  
So Cause the coy! the Lady did  
Intreat him not to go;  
Alas good Lady, then quoth he,  
Why art thou grieved so;  
Content thy self I will return,  
With speed to thee again,

Good Father (quoth the little Babes)  
Which us here still remain.  
farewel dear Children I will go,  
A fine thing for to buy:  
But they therewith nothing content,  
aloud began to cry:  
The Mother takes them by the hand,  
saying, come go with me;  
Unto the highest Tower, where  
your father you shall see.  
The Blackamoore perceiving now  
who then did stay behind:  
His Lord to be a hunting gone,  
began to call to mind:  
My Master he did me correct  
my fault not being great:  
Now if his wife it be rebeng'd,  
he shall not me intreat.  
The place was wated round about,  
the Bridge he up did draw;  
The Gates he bolted very fast,  
of none he stood in awe:  
He up into the Tower went,  
the Lady being there:  
who when she saw his countenance grim,  
she fraight began to fear.  
But now my trembling heart it quakes  
to think what I must write;  
My senses all begin to fail,  
my soul it hath aflight:

Yet must I make an end of this,  
which here I have begun,  
Which will make sad the hardest heart,  
before that I have done.

This Alzetch unto the Lady went,  
and her with speed did will,  
His lust forthwith to satisfy;  
his mind for to fulfill:  
The Lady he amazed was,  
to hear the Villain speak;  
Alas (quoth she) what shall I do?  
with this my heart will break.

With that he took her in his arms,  
she fraight for help did cry:  
Content your self Lady (he said)  
your Husband is not nigh.  
The bridge is drawn, the Gates are shut  
therefore come lye with me,  
Or else I be protect and baw  
thy Butcher I will be.

The chrysal tears ran down her face,  
her children cryed amain,  
And sought to help their Mother dear,  
but all it was in vain:  
For that egregious filthy Rogue,  
her hands behind her bound  
And then perforce with all his might,  
he threw her on the ground.



**W**ith that the Wretch, her children  
and such a noise did make, (cry'd,  
That towns-folks hearing her laments,  
did seek their parts to take:  
But all in vain no way was found  
to help the Ladies need:  
Who cried to them most piteously,  
O help, O help with speed.

Some run into the Forest wide,  
her Lord home for to call,  
And they that stood still did lament  
this gallant Ladies fall.  
With speed her lady came passing home  
he could not enter in,  
His Ladies cries did pierce his heart,  
to call he did begin.

O hold thy hand thou savage Moor,  
to hurt her do forbear,  
Or else be sure if I do live,  
wild horses shall thee tear:  
With that the Rogue ran to the wall,  
he having had his will,  
And brought one child under his arm  
his dearest blood to spill.

The Child seeing his Father there,  
to him for help did call:  
O Father help my Mother dear,  
we shall be killed all:  
Then fell the Lord upon his knee,  
and did the Moor intreat:  
To save the Life of his poor Child,  
whose fear as then was great.

But this vile wretch the little Child,  
by both the heels did take,  
And dash't his brains against the wall,  
whilst Parents hearts did ache:  
That being done straight way he ran  
the other Child to fetch:  
And pluckt it from the Mothers breast  
most like a cruel wretch.

Within one hand a knife he brought,  
the Child within the other:  
And holding it over the Wall,  
saying, thus says shall thy Mother:  
With that he cut the throat off it,  
then to the father he did call:  
So eek how he the head had cut,  
and down the head did fall.

This done he threw it down the Wall,  
into the Mote so deep,  
Which made the Father wring his hands  
and grievously to weep:

Then to the Lady went the Rogue  
who was near dead with fear:  
Yet this vile Wretch most cruelly  
did drag her by the hair.

And drew her to the very wall,  
which when the Lord did see:  
Then presently he cryed out,  
and fell upon his knee:  
Murther he if thou wilt save her Life,  
whom I do Love so dear:  
I will forgive thee all is past,  
though they concern me near.

O save her Life I thee beseech,  
O save her I thee pray,  
And I will grant thee what thou wilt,  
demand of me this day:  
Well, quoth the Moor, I do regard  
the mean that thou dost make:  
If thou wilt grant me what I ask,  
I'll save her for thy sake.

O save her Life and then demand,  
of me what thing thou wilt:  
Cut off thy Nose, and not one drop  
of her blood shall be spilt:  
With that the Lord presently took,  
a Knife within his hand:  
And then his Nose he quite cut off,  
in place where he did stand.

Now I have bought the Ladies Life,  
then to the Moor did call:  
Then take her, quoth this wicked rogue,  
and down he let her fall:  
Which when her gallant Lord did see,  
his senses all did fail:  
Yet many sought to save his Life,  
yet nothing could prevail.

When as the Moor did see him dead,  
then did he Laugh again:  
At them who for their gallant Lord,  
and Lady did complain:  
Murther he I know you'll torture me,  
if that you can me get,  
But all your threats I do not fear,  
nor yet regard one whit.

Wild horses shall my body tear,  
I know it to be true,  
But I'll prevent you of that pain,  
and down himself he threw:  
Too good a death for such a wretch,  
a Villain bold of fear,  
And thus both end as sad a tale,  
as ever Man did hear.

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